

Abstraction

I believe in dreams gone wrong,
skirting around the corners
of consciousness.
I believe and feel they come
from another time-
early human development
filling unaccountable gaps,
stretching to the next phase,
to reality falling flat on its face.
Like not being able to see
the nose on your face,
you don't see it but you can breathe.
You don't have to support it,
define it, lose it.
Or the painter spilling
his oil onto canvas,
layer upon layer, color
over bright and tangled corners.
Has my dream gone wrong?
I believe no explanation of images,
just to be wherever there are more possibilities.